

The Idiot Papers

Book 2

A STRONG DOSE OF MADNESS

## EVERYTHING CAN CHANGE

Why bother keeping track of the dates? Is this at all important? Would it be better if I were to eliminate that stupid white man hobbit? This notebook is fat, and the V5 Precise Pilot Rolling Ball is able to scribble small. Much will be scrubbed in here, and many moons will pass... I have many questions.

Will I be able to prevent myself from becoming a menace in this apartment complex?

When I am without my, I mostly scribble and read in between meals? I am not in need of "day programs" or "therapy". I want to enjoy my higher faculties, my brain. I will not have to participate in the Community Psychiatric Clinic on Storenay in Seattle. I do not qualify. I haven't been in the hospital. Were I to go to a psyche ward, I would maybe qualify. I may have to contact social services (welfare): DHSH???

After the 3rd by Monday 4/6, I will have phone card and call Valley to inquire about getting a doctor. I may look into medicinal marijuana.

On Friday night... the kids are loud as Hell. *I may be OK here! I AM WILD.*

+ found 1 dollar on the ground in the rain, 3  
and an elderly homeless dude drinking a 40 in public  
gave me 50 cents <sup>BRAD</sup> telling us how much  
he loved us - that we & were respectful.  
I will remember him and do what I can to  
help him. I will try to get a blanket to  
him ... NEXT MONTH.

One very aggravating event that troubles me.  
I've been in communication with my mother.  
She knows I am in need of money, in  
need of tobacco, food, bus fare,  
She sent me an \$18 copy of Arthur  
Schopenhauer's WORLD AS WILL AND REPRESENTATION  
I already have a copy. It was \$9.95  
back in 1991 when I bought it.  
So, my mother felt so bad about getting rid  
of my books that she purchased my "favorite  
writer/thinker's" most important work and  
mailed it to me. How could she not  
think I don't already have a copy with me?  
She knows I could have used the \$25  
she WASTED (and I do mean wasted)?  
Five dollars worth of tobacco would have  
made me feel better. I don't know

how to respond. I will not send her email telling her "Thank you". That would be a LIE! She obviously is in never-never land, and I have pity for her.

I was ANGRY when I opened the package, especially seeing how much the copy was. I had been looking on the ground for money. I carried *World As Will* and *Representation* from Jersey! Didn't she pay attention? I wish they did not upset me, but it does. I wonder if I will ever see my mother again. I am DISGUSTED with both my parents. I appreciate the \$200 gift from my father, and I appreciate the symbolic gesture made; but symbolic gesture will never last. I will remember how little my parents pay attention. Yes, it disgusts me that my mother just went out of her way to waste money, actually thinking that it would make me feel better - why didn't she ask me first if I had a copy? I can't help being upset!

I feel rage. I am irritable. Were anyone to upset me, I don't think I would be able to refrain from attacking them physically. TR is an important friend to me. He may - No - he most likely is a much better friend to me than my nephew. My nephew will contact me in a couple of days. TR will most likely be back around sooner than Wednesday (4/1). I almost want to refrain from sending money to my mother. To think that she could have sent tobacco or cash... but sent me a book I have with me (Now 2 COPIES!!) ; what can excuse such stupidity? Is it "the thought that counts"? What thought? What thought did she put into this? She could have thought and been more careful, more thoughtful! It's a gesture/gift... I won't mention it unless she asks about it. What would I say? I received the book Mom. Sorry you wasted \$25 sending me a book. I have already, now have 2 copies of *World As Will*. First if I had a copy? I can't help being upset!

I am disgusted that my mother wasted her time and her money. She totally ignored my request for tobacco food money. She ignored me and died to look for a solution to the fact that I am furious over having my library. There is no solution to that. I think too much about the book to arrive. Well pop a vein from anger. It took 7 days for this

I really wish she would have sent me tobacco or at least waited before buying Schopenhauer's Magnum opus and mailing it. She must know that I now have copies with me. The question is, WHAT DOES SHE EXPECT ME TO DO? Does she expect me to thank her? Does she expect me to thank her? She ignored my plea and made a mistake. She gave me a book... Now I have 2 copies. Maybe I will carry around my old copy.... It can't hurt to have 2 copies. I can lend out the old copy. I will be honest. I will tell her I now have 2 copies of the same book and that I would have preferred tobacco or cash - Thanks

No, I can't be upset with my mother. She knows I'm well enough to understand who my favorite author is and what his greatest work is. To have 2 copies will allow me to use my old copy more often. In fact, I may put Nietzsche on the shelf for a while, and delve into Schopenhauer's WORKS AS WILL AND REPRESENTATION, VOLUME TWO, it referring to VOLUME ONE whenever necessary.

[Return to Schopenhauer. The French writer have managed to confuse us... and the academic world is still under the spell of the charlatan, Hegel!] [As an honest, intelligent, and genuine thinker, it is T. Michael William Hecht, the poor devil himself, who is called to focus on the great mind who so many spineless cowards have chosen to ignore. I challenge the willfully ignorant.]

Perhaps upon seeing I have 2 copies of THE WORLD AS WILL AND REPRESENTATION, Volume One, my nephew will want to read Volume One to supplement his study of The Upanisads!!! I will not be too quick to be upset. IT GOES. SO IT GOES.

"Mind full of questions and Teacher in my soul..."

and so it goes..."

The Creator of the Universe has blessed me with  
the friendship with JR. I am honored to be  
able to offer him a sanctuary to paint  
his art work.

The Rock N Roll spirit was around me and  
within us. Hip Hop has had it. It is time...

"It doesn't matter what they say in the papers,  
'cause it's always been the same old scene.

"There's a new man in town, but you  
can't get the sound from a story in a magazine  
aimed at your average teen." I can  
I can drum. I can sing. I can flute.  
I can write. I will NOT abandon my  
nephew. I am his uncle and I understand  
him. I came here to be in his world.

Now, the Creator of the Universe has brought  
JR and I together. Just why the  
Mexicans have issues with him, I do  
not know; but I too am disgusted when  
"Mexicans" do not acknowledge their  
roots as Native American "Indians". I have  
to "side" with JR and face the consequences.  
Fuck the MAFIAS and GANGS. Fuck 'em ALL!

May be a "band" is forming - not a "gang",  
but a true pack of wolves, a band of

artists: scholars, painters, and warriors.

My nephew more mature and make quantum  
leaps in emotional maturity. I open  
my doors to him always. This is an

a great Native Medicine man artist /

warrior honors me with his trust and  
friendship. This reflects well on me -  
and that I am able to light JR's  
spirit, the life of my spirit. Hollywood

and myths are not the sole legends in  
the Universe. We are living legends

heroes, the living prophets; I think  
that my nephew may come to respect me  
even more when he starts to see that

the universe (the Creator) truly is  
"reaching out to me" in the form of  
JR and Joey. I am blessed with  
brothers. Band on the run.

My nephew will no longer be needy.  
It will be wonderful were he to have his  
own domicile in the city. My door is open should  
he ever need company, food, conversation, tobacco!

It is a wonderful and symbolic act - my mother giving me this second copy of my favorite book.

She does know me very well. She has proven it. I do appreciate how close we are to be called to study Schopenhauer

present themselves to me! I will have a copy to loan than until they get their own copy.

It could be my nephew even.

It is a new beginning for me. I will look for this "Broad" in April and try to get him a blanket for out doors. I have been called to be out here.

I dare say that even JR may need me to keep out of James' way so that he can ~~get~~ become what he is to become. JR is the Real Thing.

Russell Meine <sup>may</sup> be an "apple".  
Maybe I will be able to take it easy with the green ... keep it light, like Blue.  
Maybe I will be able to stop for awhile and work on a book.

I never really gone for Schopenhauer's WWR Vol 2

The attention it deserves. Has anyone ???  
What has my mother done but reminded me of what is the most significant mind in my life?

I get a kick out of Nietzsche, but too many ignore Schopenhauer. Nietzsche even admits that Schopenhauer is a great educator of mankind.

I will excise the ghost of Hegel and ~~more~~ literature to vast philosophical Hegel.

I will become the most fearless of the most ultimate, the most fearless "WHY?" and "WHAT NEXT?"



While I became enraged that my mother would send me a book already here while I have NO TOBACCO, when I explicitly requested any cash she could send my way in the form of need, upon deeper reflection, realizing that having 2 copies may encourage me of to "mark up" and "study" my old copy (while embarking on an intense meditation upon Volume 2) now a calm mood settles in me. This was my mother's attempt to prove to me HOW WELL SHE KNOWS ME. I am in no rush to tell her the book arrived. I don't want to wound her. I will use tact. I will

eventually returning to be by her side.

[ This year I want to meditate. I have spent the past 18 years on an intellectual adventure and, after exploring phenomenology and postmodernism, and over Alain Badiou, I am ready to come around full circle, ready to give Volume Two of Schopenhauer's *The World As Will & Representation* my full attention. ]

[ All those books in my personal library had been a continual distraction. I have all the books I can handle in my possession. [ I will read Volume 2 and refer to Volume 1 as necessary — in preparation for death. ]

Return to Schopenhauer at this time in my life, while I am in the process of writing a "cult classic" (and physically so far away from the country of my tortured existence), will only intensify my energy field and sharpen my voice.

I will be no rush to complete the book. A strong dose of Madness ... and many more years, writing aphorisms. I will not be concerned with insomnia for my "religion" is PESSIMISM!

I got through my temper tantrum and have nothing but gratitude for having such a caring mother that she would be so "in tune" with my psyche. Here I am on the verge of embarking on an intense revitalization of pessimism, with *The World As Will & Representation*, Volume 2 as my main focus, when my mother sends me a new copy of Volume 1. It is symbolic. I may carry both volumes with me as if carrying my BIBLE.

[ I will be an evangelist of pessimism. This will be an antidote to stupidity and a testimony against "positive thinking." With Arthur Schopenhauer and Emile Cioran as my literary companions, and TR and Joey as my fleshly companions, my daily existence will be rich indeed. ]

[ I should I an opportunity for an encounter with a woman present & Italy) of big not be some meek and pathetic wretch; but will be a mentally/emotionally independent creature who offers "fatherly" nurturing support without the violence of domination. I am OPEN. ]

## Section 2 : The Mephi Heretics

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I sleep when I am tired with no worries  
about "schedules" or grids. Now that my  
nephew's heart is open to me again,  
I am less troubled. Spending at least a year  
away from New Jersey will do me good.  
My mother need me to return, I  
should my mother need me to return, I  
can return after February 2010. Until then, I  
can work on a book: literature as art.  
I want to change the name of my website  
again, from The Mephi to The Heretics.

Or → Henrich's Hideaway for Heresy

or → Henrich & the Heretics

→ Henrich's Hideaway or Henrich's Heresy

→ The Heretics' Hideaway

→ HERETIC'S HIDEAWAY

→ X-HERETIC HERETIC'S HIDEAWAY

Without the presence of CLAWS or GORT BUSTERS

I am now a lone common flea to do as I

will — creative unrestrained freedom!

No boss, No wife, No religion, No master!

I get my instructions directly from the Creator!

The fucking connection to the Internet is always going down. I can't depend on it. I might have to find libraries. I will have to get a whole of an inexpensive notebook-computer. Until then I will keep writing. My heroes, besides this Vergery Zamynthin are, of course Arthur Schopenhauer, Friedrich Nietzsche, Emile Cioran, and even Dostoevsky! John Brunner and his characters Austin Train and Chad Nulligan... the Lom and his characters, Chip... Kurt Vonnegut and his character Kilgore Trout.

"Dogma, statistics and agreement prevent anyone's being seized by that illness that is called out, at least of all by its complex forms." (Bramstetter).

Mengay Bramstetter had to invent them, and so he became a leader of the literary

resistance.

"I know that I have a highly inconvenient habit of speaking what I consider to be the truth, rather than saying what may be expedient at the moment." Mengay Bramstetter,

" just as the Christians had created the devil as a convenient personification of all evil so the critics have transformed me into the devil of literature."

Gamyatin

Is it possible to serve great ideas in literature without cringing before little men?

Note : spellings vary Yevgeny Zamyatin  
Evgenij, Ivenovitch, Evenovitch —

Zamiatin, Zamjatin.

Gamyatin loved the great Russian Romantic writers such as Dostoyevski, Tolstoy, and Pushkin.

I am not concerned about the attempts to prevent me from reaching the world. Legends need not be promoted by Hollywood, television, or popular culture. Legends are broadcasted throughout the interconnected web of reality.

My attempts at "gostbusters.org", whywork.org, and now 1515.php663 now. com have been similar

in SPIRIT to Gamyatin's THE SERPENT BRETHREN of 1922.

" Every artist of importance creates his own 'world', with its own laws --- creates and shapes it in his own shape and image), and no one else's. This is why it is difficult to fit the artist into a world that has already been created a seven-day, fixed and solidified world: he will inevitably slip out of the set of laws and paragraphs, he will be a heretic."

" Children are the best philosophers. Like children, like Schopenhauer, Dostoyevsky, Nietzsche, ask "Why?" and "What next?"

" Philosophers of genius, children, and the people are equally wise - because they ask equally foolish questions. Too foolish to a civilized man who has a well-furnished European apartment, with an excellent toilet, and a well-furnished dogma."

" Nothing that is so, is so  
All truths are erroneous. This is the very essence of the dialectical process: today's truths become errors tomorrow; there is no final number

This truth (the only one) is for the strong alone.  
Weak-nerved minds insist on a finite universe, a last number: they need, in Nietzsche's words, "the crutches of certainty". The weak-nerved lack the strength to include themselves in the dialectic syllogism.

(On Literature, Revolution, Entropy, and Other Matters 1923)

"Truth" is the first thing that present day literature lacks. The writer has drowned himself in lies. He is too accustomed to speak prudently, with a careful look over his shoulder. (The Day and the Age, 1924)

"The myth about the angel who rebelled against his Lord is the most beautiful of all myths, the proudest, the most revolutionary, the most immortal of them all."

"... the inner world: those spiritual apartments to which we are reluctant to admit strangers."

I will acknowledge the Garyahin as one of my HEROES

Going without tobacco for so long may help me to appreciate it more when I have access to it. Certainly I will appreciate my next beer, but I really am missing the green herb. I miss my friend of Billy from Freopolis. And yet, maybe this area will take so much getting used to... that I may be able to "stretch" spending money. Next time I am able, I will stock up on Tobacco, papers, filter tubes, etc... I am sure my nephew will need to come to me for some tobacco when he must give this will be fine as it will give us a chance to infect one another with our CREATIVE ENERGY FIELDS.

JR wants in... and I do value his brotherhood. He is a wise thinker with a wonderful personality. When my nephew was threatening to get a restraining order put against me (to keep me away from his psychotic so-called wife), JR helped me to laugh off my point, and let me know what an asshole my nephew was being. Now I forgive my nephew, but

When Kit Marley wrote the Tragedy of Doctor Faustus, did he have a new religion in mind? Is "the Devil" Mephistopheles a hero? Reflected against his Creator a beautiful, proud, revolutionary FREE SPIRIT?

Why should I be limited to using the myth in a derogatory sense - as in "little white devil"? "Devil" in human form ... There are devils in Hell that torturing the bodies of animals (humans included).

These are not associated with Lucifer, but are actually Christian devils and Muslim devils and Jewish devils and Hindu devils.

I will want the concrete language, the concrete terminology.

I will not use the term DEVIL when I mean rebel or heretic. Nobody knows what "The Mephi" we. They would have to read Gongatin's WE. It is like Vonnegut's The Ghost Shirt Society in Player Piano or The Brotherhood in Orwell's 1984. I want to come up with my own RESISTANCE UNDERGROUND.

Maybe the name of this personal underground resistance movement will include the word HERETIC or HERETICS. I will not restrain my ANTI-HEGELIAN spirit. May the ghosts of Arthur Schopenhauer, Emile Cioran, Friedrich Nietzsche, Yekhony Tsvanovitch Zamyratkin, Kurt Vonnegut Jr., and George Carlin gather in my PSYCHE. [Toward the end of George Carlin's life, he felt that literature was "the most powerful form of expression," and that "entertainment" / television was extremely limited.]

So, what shall my PROJECT MAYHEM be? Hollywood has nothing on the Great Tinhouse. These hip-hop artists like to talk threatening shit about "poetry books" ... but maybe it's time to stick it to the ignorant. Will the real Devil, please stand up. Will the great proud Rebel stand up to his Lord? Somehow I want to embrace the proud rebel and revolutionary fallen angel, while disassociating with those Christians, Muslims, Jews, Hindus, and Supremacists and Wardens and Prison Guards and COPS and corporate fascists... I figured "the poor Devil" worked well.

But I'm never satisfied. I have insomnia but I am not even concerned. Good by Blue Mondays! I don't have to go anywhere in the morning: "No jobs, no programs, no appointments..."

To stay awake reading Schopenhauer... I'm not committed to anything. I go from Cioran back to Nietzsche back to Schopenhauer... I ask "Why?" and "What next?"

On "the Internet", in my "sandbox": iisis.php663.no.w.com, I change my AKA screen name continuously.

I even change the name of the site. First it was The Ghost Shirt Society (inspired by Vonnegut's Player Piano). Then it was The Mephisto (inspired by Zamyatin's We); actually it still is... but I am prepared to change it again...

X-HENTRIC HIDEAWAY FOR HERESY ... So, there is a Sherwood Forest? There's got to be an inner world. There has to be a way to have a mass movement? No. Most people are the 85% GORTS, SHEEP, ZOMBIES. 10% are the ruled, the managers & engineers... I am less than 5%...

I AM A REAL HEAD: X-HENTRIC HERETICS

And so it goes... Nothing that is so, is so. 11/25. Do what you will. Nothing is written in stone. The Mephisto is so obscure... No body even reads Hermann Hesse these days... left alone Frankenstein!

As an entity, I represent a rebellion, a resistance... a literary resistance. Like Christophe Nerone → our atheistic... I am a blasphemous and a heretic.

I am NOT deluded by Christianity or Islam. I am not self-righteous, but a "bipolar alcoholic albino" Jig! I do not intend on

reaching the MASSES but only a small percentage of the population. Outsiders, an intelligent minority.

Militant philosophers, radical heretics, free spirits, rebels, revolutionary renegades! What do I call myself?

What do I call my underground movement? I am basically in exile with few supporters in a self-imposed solitary confinement. I engage in and encourage Orwellian THOUGHT CRIME. Literary outlaws.

HERETICS MINDCRIME: THOUGHT CRIMINALS  
MENTAL OUTLAWS... GANGSTER LITERATURE.

(C)

I want to investigate Extract from Captain Stormfield's Visit to Heaven pp. 87-96 about tailor Billings' from Tennessee - a Jewish tailor... the greatest writer who ever lived. He wrote and threw everything in a trunk. One night a bunch of ruffians decided to have fun with the guy. They torred and feathered him, broke him off of town on a nail, just for fun, threw him in a ditch, and he died of pneumonia.

BTW: His wife hated him, was ashamed of him, and burned the trunk.

"He wasn't even expecting to go to heaven, much less that there was going to be any fun made over him. Well, anyway, Billings had the grandest reception that you'd ever seen in thousands of centuries..." Why 'look here', Shakespeare walked backwards before that tailor from Tennessee) and scattered flowers for him to walk on, and Homer stood behind his chair and waited on him at the banquet... "Now, there was something in that miserable spiritraham, so that we could say them word. That Tennessee village would set us a monument to Billings, then, and his autograph, would outlast Satan's."

I borrowed "Like Shaking Hands With God" - a conversation about writing (Hurt Vannoy & Lee Stricher). I finished reading it in one night. I guess I am content with OPERATION: LITERARY RESISTANCE. I'm not quite sure how I will proceed with my book project.

My mother wants me to mail her the book she sent me. I guess I will spend the \$5... but that would be a waste of \$10... and the book is worth \$20. Maybe I will hold onto it... We'll see. I don't want her to feel that she threw money away.

I am skeptical about getting a telephone. I don't want to argue on the phone with her. If I am drinking beer, I don't want to be tempted to call Shalanda on nail or on Betty. After all... doesn't my mother have a knack for frustrating me on the phone. Maybe the telephone is just another convenience, like the television, that I can do without.

If JR purchases the air compressor, I hope it is not too loud. I hope it doesn't distract my neighbors. I sure would be fucked if I were asked to leave Pankey Ridge...

The wounds are not just to dark bodies  
but to humanity's collective soul.

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7 April 2009 Tuesday

Warning: Upstair neighbor (1303) knocked on my door & requested I quiet down. JR & I were listening to music and getting somewhat loud and obviously annoying the neighbors.

Am I going to be reported to the office for disturbing the peace?

I guess I ought to call to set up psychiatrist appointment in Federal Way ... I will also call my mother.

I still resent having nowhere to get world. I hate how well behaved most people are. "Christians" can be trouble because they are all-barkers, known nosey, tattle-tales,

"rats".

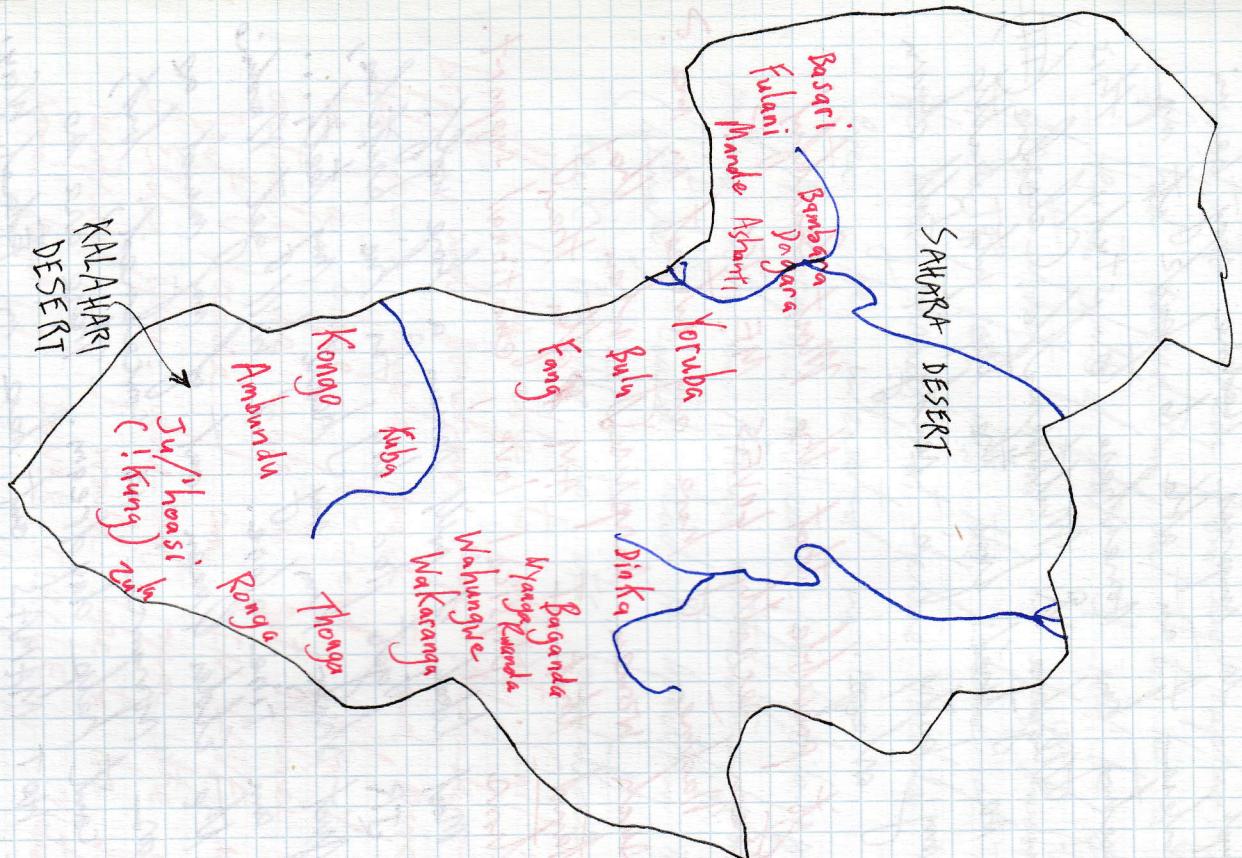
I will attempt to find a psychiatrist that takes Medicare, call my mother, check mail, and pick up some flour & aspirin ...

Health Point 253 874 7634  
find local Social Security office

Suite 200  
1019 W. Main St.  
Kent, WA 98032

I am not sure what is left in bank.

I am assuming 35 in NJ account, 20 in WA account  
\$10.80 to Tista ... brings WA down below \$10.



(JOE BAGEANT)

"We see an ever increasing global corporate system managing electronically and digitally as a massmarketing entity and digitally as a nation called the United States. On Japan for that matter." All the so-called "mental health technicians" and social workers are part of an INSTITUTION, the Amerikan Psycho-social-medical complex (Takes Prison, the Black Iron Prison of Empire), and thus authorized to

manage public consciousness."

"This financialization of consciousness under American style capitalism has become all we know."

"Corporations are deathless and faceless machines, and have no soul or emotions."

"People in the so-called FREE STATES of the USA are one of the most controlled peoples on the planet, especially regarding control of our consciousness, public and private. And the control is tightening. This is a sort of Stockholm Syndrome of the soul, in which the prisoner identifies with the values of his or her captors much in our case so of course the American corporate state and its

manufactured popular culture."

"Most Belizeans own their own homes outright, and all citizens are entitled to a free piece of land upon which to build one. Employment is scarce, and that has a downside: Many folks waste a lot of valuable time having sex. The Jehovah's Witnesses missionaries are working hard to fix that problem."

Some good news: My father gave my mom \$50 to purchase tobacco. She will mail it to me. I was happy to hear her voice. She is strong. I wonder if I should have just told her to get TOP tobacco.

X

I am feeling very invisible today - not only am I disgusted with myself for my naivety in understanding how much trauma a trans-continental adventure would be, but I am starting to resent the corner I am in: I open my door to my nature friend, and he has made himself feel right at home. He has good instincts. He surely will be able to notice when I need to be left to myself. He works on the apartment. I wonder if "the Greater" will guide JR

Why have our paths merged?

Another concern I have is my struggle with "irritability" and "mood swings." I have

witnessed that no mental health facilities take

"Medicine." Do I need to apply for Medicaid?

How long will it be before I find a

psychiatrist? Will I have to call 2-1-1?

I can explain my dilemma.

I will type up a letter to Social Security and wait to hear from them before making the trip to Kart.

Hearing my mother's voice helped me to worry least about her. She thinks JR ought to stay at Tent City and only care through the apartment to do artwork.

I actually do not want a "roomie". I prefer solitude. I witnessed how much writing I was able to get done when alone.

I don't want to risk having Section 8.

I do not want to return to Tent City. If I were to lose this apartment I would take a

bus - or train - back to New Jersey and see

about going into a mental hospital."

I am very irritable. I can feel it in my bones... At least JR respects my radicalism.

Herbs: mugwort, thyme, St. John's Wort, 67  
LOBELIA, wormwood: kudzu root for tea.

10 April 2009



Friday

Well... The society and its carceral forces are closing in around me. My WILD BEING has gotten the attention of my neighbors. Someone from below my apartment posted a note on my door with a threatening warning for me to stop the loud music and I had talking or else they would be "forced" to call the police or management. They said I have become a MISSENCE! There were exclamations points as though I were a child being reprimanded by a parent! Just the way of our Prison Culture - threat of punishment and always under supervision and surveillance. This fucking society makes me ill, with all its god damned rules and codes of conduct.

Also at the Transit Center, Federal Way police officers were harassing JR. They threatened to arrest him for "spitting on the ground".

"We have only to close our eyes to sleep and there in the netherland of the unconscious we may be visited nightly by the potent forms and forces of the mythic realm."

Myth is a collective dream, dream a personal myth." Clyde W. Ford

I can feel the rage building up in me. Now I feel much constant surveillance always being managed and controlled, and threatened with punishment should I dare be my true passionate self.

My voice — always silenced.

Even my breathing is loud now,

I am irritated knowing

and

neighbors listen in on my prayers and

songs

I take deep

breaths,

I will try to read and stay

calm. If not I could read it

outside somewhere where I have privacy.

There is no freedom in apartment complexes in McDonaldized society where everyone wants to chain me down

and threaten me with punishment as if there were a god damn McDonald's

and I were a fucking employee

there with some asshole manager

giving a fucking report card. I'm sick of McDonald's and its representatives, this world will not be missed.

I was very appreciative of email from Greg Kelley of Freehold. He read the article about Octavus turned me on to — Escape from the Food Land Zombie. His writing was so powerful, declaring the birds and animals of the woods to be his "friends" I shared with him the story by Mark Twain about labor Billings — the greatest writer who ever lived. I also confessed that my neighbors already warn me that I am "becoming a nuisance." I complained about the carnival of malls along the highways... and made fun of anyone that I am in another situation where a friend is abusing my hospitality. It might be just as I shelf if JR makes the trip back to Montana sooner than later. The more I think about the ignorance of those who think I am at Then money, the more I realize I am a HERO: ~~WTF~~ I will create my own religion

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The fact that the Federal Way police harassed my brother "JR Christick" (who shot JR 57) makes me realize that each day is precious

11 April 2009 Saturday

I don't think anyone knows where anything is going. I have been keeping the pots of sticks... and, perhaps by now, we have some. While it may be probable that I will be "evicted" from Barkley Ridge for LOUD and OBNOXIOUS behavior, as JR noted, the black dudes on the corner beating on drums were most likely causing trouble in McDonaldland with their "law-abiding ass-fucking neighbors."

X Hentric the Heretic → Doctor Funkenstein?

Break the Oligarchy!

13 April 2009 Monday

Dream Recall --- phone call from Dad where he invites me to go to Europe with him... A dinner with the whole Bent, Yaffa clan... eating food... then smoking weed & drinking beer with cousin Eric. After that I see J mom. She is reading my journals...

I don't think the latest "site desecration" is going to sit well with CO: BTD DOGS 1! 1! criminally insane comedians who are not joking !?!. I am beginning to wonder why I bother... "head cold" & a little better, but this "head cold" feeling

has got me wanting to sleep more - and my body needs the coffee. Herbal tea - if prefers this.

What else me besides the cold? Well, it seems as though JR may not care that his presence here at Barkley Ridge is putting me in violation of my single occupancy status.

How does this make me feel? Angry? Frustrated? Perhaps JR may secretly want me to leave the apartment so that I will be back "in the streets".

so that I will be back "in the streets". I think I prefer to be alone and not have any "friends". Am I just being need, bossed around, dominated? Am I a punk? Does my isolation and "mental illness" make me a vulnerable target for those who prey on idiots, tools, suckers?

Today I will demand TR leave the key of here. He can stay clear of here for a few days. I suppose he will be moving on quite soon, heading back to Montana. There is a conspiracy brewing behind the scenes.

Whatever it is he does with Robin. I am not at all "close" to him anymore. Really wonder why I left the freethinkers. Even while laying down, my feet do hurt. Aches and pains are making life rather unpleasant and my mood is of one of fear, paranoia, suspicion. Once again I am not at all pleased with my screen name. I wonder if I ought to just use the '?

Symbol as my ID. Death is welcome. Living seems absurd. The Angry — another angry albino? — just another angry albino — — ANTI-HEROES I have no desire/energy to prepare meat even though I am weak and hungry. Duties pile up in the sink. Am I getting very depressed? Does TR sense I am vulnerable? Why? What next?

Is a desire to be at the root of all mental illness? Misery. Life itself is a miserable experience. Is my private home kind of "asylum"? Is it an asylum for dissidence? Hopeless and helpless... badd dogg? Sad clown? Hungry angry lonely? tired? miserable wretch — another nervous wreck?

I don't have to eat. I don't have to do any work on the website... I just feel like laying down and letting my misery be what it is. I am sick and achey. I don't have any faith. I guess I can contact CPC in Aberdeen, but I really don't know if they are there to help people or just control a population of miserable rebels.

Tyranny justified by therapy? I can't leave my apartment until TR leaves as I want the spare key. I guess I am at the point where I feel he is abusing my hospitality — mistaking my kindness for weakness. Do I have the right to be left alone? If this how one is isolated in a dimension called loneliness?

"I am a lonely man. I really don't have any "friends" to speak of - except for Greg Silroy, perhaps technician Van Rhee and even Ethan. I want to live near my mother. I do miss her. I suppose I miss my father too.

I may even miss having psychiatric care. Nobody seems to care about me out here, no professionals. Washington is not a very hospitable area of the country. I am becoming more and more lonely.

At least I am "in the system" in Monmouth County. Perhaps I will die out here and never see anyone ever again. Maybe I will find my true voice.

Where would I go upon returning to New Jersey? What would my plan be? I would have to wait until next March 2010 ... Such a long way off...

I guess I could visit my mother and look for section S apartment in the area she is living. There will be no need to visit Philadelphia. I most likely would visit Billy Reynolds' and Greg Silroy; but I have learned something about the general nature of reality since leaving Jersey.

There is no getting away from my general unhappiness. I appreciate sleep and keep forward to death. Nature will take us back into the earth eventually. I am finally not only growing stored with writing on the Internet, but don't really feel any compunction to continue writing a book.

When I leave Federal Way, I will not bring much back with me. When I get back to Jersey, I most likely will not be up for any more adventures, no more exploring. At least I won't be romanticizing about anything.

When I think of Joan Karsen's attitude toward me, I wonder why I would even want to be back in Freehold. Moving back to Jersey will have to do with me missing my mother and really regretting coming out of here to "bond with my nephew." I can't trust my nephew and I would prefer getting as far away from him and Robin as possible.

I face my loneliness, my despair, my confusion. All is nightmarish. Alcohol does not help. I miss margaritas.

One long suicide note. That's what my notes are.

I feel I will never find a woman to "mate" with.

I have so much I want to read ...

de Sade

Cain Wilson

R.D. Laing

Kit Marley

Schoenberg

Huxley

Not

Watching

TV

Freeze me.

Not having a telephone isolates me.

If I am

so Radical

Not having a telephone.

I guess I am

proct

of pressuring for death.

I could look into

a suicided cult -

or perhaps create a suicide cult of

my own.

Changing my name at 15 is a daily ritual. Now I even change the site name and site description frequently. I am forever unstable, dynamic, and hard to pin down.

At least I do not participate in the

system. I do not function as a "white man"

but simply trudge my way through each

day.

I guess the old me is dead and

gone, and I am way beyond the point

of no return.

Such a lonely creature

I am!

I don't want to be comforted by

illusions. I wonder what "Archopenhaver" had

to say about "the cynics."

to day

about

"the cynics."

Am I even losing interest in reading? Why not put in a segment for some of Cain Wilson's works? Why not really attempt to create my own "The Trouble With Being Born". This is all I have in mind... I am not searching for a "career" out here. Suicide is painless. People would go about their business and not miss me at all. Life teaches us NOT to WANT it. Avoiding pain... not seeking pleasure...

Strange lucid dreams... I was in some kind of prison... always alone but somehow all the prisoners were alone. I do not want any confrontations with neighbors or landlord out here in Washington.

@@

I may have to call 2-1-1 and explaining that my crisis is that I have been off psychiatric medication for a few months (been off marijuana which need to bring me some relief) and am prepared to detoxify and am. Since I am extremely lonely and tired with suicidal ideations.

Sade is exalted as the philosopher in chains and the first theoreticians of absolute rebellion. The only logic known to Sade was the logic of his feelings. Sade denies God in the name of Nature. For Sade, Nature is sex. We live in a lawless universe where the only master is the inordinate energy of desire. Sade goes against his times: the freedom he demands is not one of principles, but of instincts.

Satan rises against his creator because the latter employed force to subjugate him.  
The Rebel flees from and unworthy God.

14 April 2009 Tuesday

To	W	Th	F	Sa	Su	M
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	1	2	3	4

When will tobacco arrive?

The book I want to request from the library: Order of Assassins: The Psychology of Murder by Colin Wilson (1972) The only copy they have in RUSSIAN!

The Deep End

(The key is to overcome the gray fog of everyday, dull consciousness by activating the dormant reserves of Faculty X.)

Faculty X. Henric? --- Faculty X

Faculty X

The Deep End?

Be advised that the "admin" of these forums has long since gone off the deep end.

Theoreticians of Absolute Rebellion

Brilliant misfits overcoming the gray fog of everyday dull consciousness by activating the our dominant reserves of Faculty X.

Organize ... organize ... organize ... so much information. It seems to me that what is needed is a cross between John Brunner, Colin Wilson, Kurt Vonnegut, Mark Twain, and Kit Marley.

Basically I will be "broke" for about 17 days, but I will have the food I stored. I may try to get to food bank.

15 April 2009 Wednesday

5:15 → 201

I let my mother understand how upset I was that she led me to believe she was sending out tobacco back on the 8<sup>th</sup>, last week, and yet she still hasn't sent it out. Am I some kind of monster like Ted K? I was upset with my mother for sending Schopenhauer's World As Will & Rep.

Man I already have a copy and was starving.

Now, even though my mother has suffered from pinch nerve and problem with arm, spending hours with useless doctors and worse than useless chiropractor, I am no less upset about her. Not even having purchased the tobacco yet.

I will not lie to myself. She infuriates me. She expects me to go into a hospital.

I wonder why I am forced to go to an emergency room? Why? Because I am so irritable I am in rage. Nicotine fit? Worse. Worse. I am more irritable

than words can express. My rage is becoming difficult to contain.

My patience is depleted.

## A Confederacy of Dunces - John Kennedy Toole

Met → Diogenes II "the man" that I have inspired him to be over the years to make if in a world that is rapidly forgetting having its understanding of being human."

16 April 2009 Thursday

Native woman, an elderly Native woman, and I are in a house... everyone seems to be cooking eggs and pancakes... And there is a Toronto-like spider who transforms into a man... say, "Uh-oh, it's Ikhone"... then it transforms back into a spider. The sound it had made before the metamorphosis was eerie... and I was frightened. I made a noise too.

My mother advises me to go to the Emergency Room too (1) get on psychiatric medication, and (2) get my feet looked at... maybe I can get some special support.

Why am I so reluctant to go to the hospital? I am afraid I might be committed and kept under surveillance. If I can make it without PSYCHIATRIC Medications, this world liberate me.

There's no need to beat around the bush.  
In In Lorin's This perfect Day, the  
medication made one "dull and normalized".

The TREATMENT CENTERS were equivalent

to today's "psychiatric hospital/s".

Advisors are those "case managers":

Diamond II agrees that we are going to  
have to be our own heroes. I  
as far as he's concerned, everyone else  
is for sale and most have already  
been purchased.

Tomorrow send Gilroy mailing address. ✓

17 April 2009 Friday

I made great soups: 15 bean soup with meat  
(soak beans 8 hrs (overnight)); using 2 pots,  
added ~2 quarts water + beans (drained) + meat,  
Bring to boil. Simmer 2 1/2 hours

add onion, garlic, diced tomatoes, spinach

Simmer another 45 minutes... add seasoning..

I will put  $\frac{1}{2}$  in freezer for end of month  
when needed badly. I feel very  
powerful today in body, mind, and spirit.

At library! I may print material on MLK  
and Kit Money from ISIS.

Mom sent out last purchase of American Spirit tobacco <sup>order STMT</sup> By Wednesday??

## ⑥ SICK CATHER

89

I polished off half the soup already - in one day. JR came by, did some artwork, and also enjoyed the soups. I did not mind sharing it. Marguerite Sode's letter from prison  
arrived today. This made me happy, helping me endure the absence of tobacco. The whole situation with the cost of tobacco, combined with the fact that I have virtually been without marijuana since leaving New Jersey - and even without psychiatric medications has been causing me stress. but today I feel a little calmer. I spoke to my mother on the phone. She is quite the 'rebel' at work. Now I know where some of my rebellious spirit comes from. I AM A SOB OF A BITCH. Yahoo!

I think one of the females from the office lives here at Barkley Ridge in the building next to mine. I like the way she says my name. I found myself fantasizing about her while warming my heart. I have two weeks to go before I will have any cash again. Within that time I want to get hooked up with a psychiatrist even if I have to go into the hospital.

CLOSE C

I wonder why I 'advised' me to venture out here. Now he tells me to not worry about my nephew and Robin to 'forget about' it to make connections with people who "THINK AS I DO."

If Gilroy proves to be the only friend to forget & appreciate me. He has much to clear out much he values me as an individual creature as a human being. Maybe Tysen will also prove to be one who will want to remain in contact with me.

Perhaps Betty Reynolds does not contact me because she is not a wordsmith. Maybe people are intimidated.

Imagine if I were to meet a woman I could be compatible with out here... This would change much. Maybe my mother is kind of relieved to be rid of me. After all, I am over whelming. Even Shalonda told me exhausted her... that I "did not stop talking left." Nobody wants me around because my presence is too deep, too intense.

Is this why I appreciate solitude so much? Is this why places like jails' hospitals tent cities, homeless shelters, "friends" is even cohabitation, is stressful for me?

Who wants to be around others who demand "shut up" or "be quiet" so they can hear the TV? Life is sad, isn't it? Not so much sad, but, when we get close to the bone, close to the heart, when we cease deceiving ourselves, life is what it is: often silly and unpleasant.

Eventually I will want to live near my mother so I can help her with things as she ages. She has always been my greatest friend, and I want to be there for her when she is in need. But is NOT BEING A BURDEN to her, she is helping her. She used to get angry with me for pursuing Shalonda because her instincts KNEW that Shalonda was hurting me emotionally, that Shalonda refused to acknowledge me as a worthy mate was rotting my soul! It appears though neither Shalonda nor my nephew are WORTHY of MY LOVE!!!

6 pouches of Natural American Spirit tobacco arrived in the mail today - just like my dream told me !

I gave a generous hunk to Chiefstick ... very quickly. He will know that I am a special presence - as he is also. May we become allies without getting into serious trouble with "authorities" in this realm.

The Great works in many mysterious ways ! Look up "San shaman" -

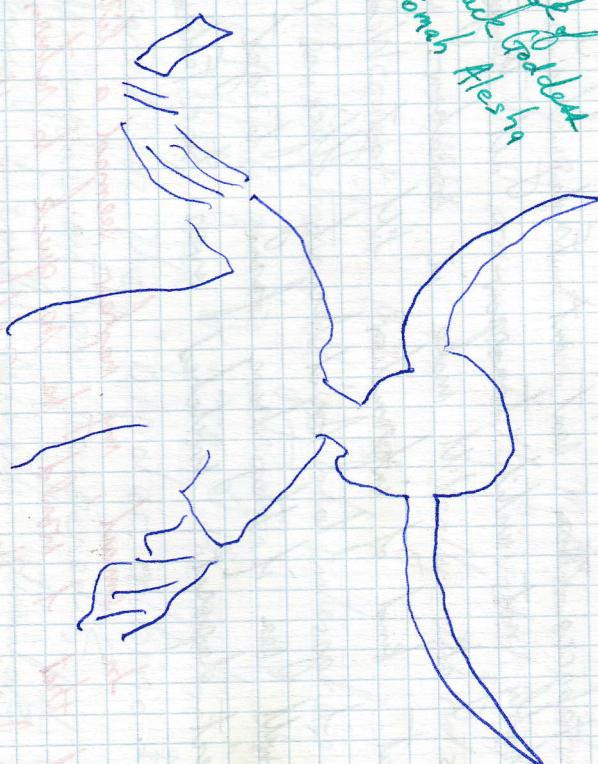
Wagadu - Soninke Goddess

Deshai Devi Indian Goddess

Adviser - Perse

Woyengi - The Mother  
Tso Nigira

First Goddest  
The Black flesh  
The Mother



"I am Nature, the universal Mother, mistress of all the elements, primordial child of time,

of the sovereign of all things spiritual, queen of the dead, queen also of the immortals,

and goddesses that are. My nod governs the shining heights of Heaven, the wholesome sea-frosts, the lamentable silences

of the world below. Though I am

worshipped in many aspects, and propitiated with all manner of different rites, yet the whole round earth reverences me ... and the

Egyptians who excel in ancient learning

✓  
worship me with ceremonies proper  
to my godhead, call me by my true  
name, namely, Queen Tsisir.

Robert Graves, The Golden Ass

orishas ... Wole Soyinka: Myth, literature, and the African World → essence-ideals

Jung → archetypes of the unconscious "

Babalawo → Yoruba term for "priest".

Fish → Trickster

"Behold Lucifer I am come, thy weeping and  
prayers have moved me to succor thee.  
I am she that is the natural mother of all  
things, mistress and governess of all the elements."

Creatrix of all

21 April 2009 Tuesday

22 April 2009 Wednesday

1107

Brian Magee

I make today with a desire to CONFRONT the managers of these apartments about their threats concerning my friend/brother JR Cheftel. I am not comfortable "sneaking around" for the next 10 days, so, now that JR is housed from Tent City and has nowhere to go, I told the "office" that I want him to be free to stay here in my apartment for until May 1st when I he will have the funds to get a bus back to Montana.

When I mentioned the situation to the young woman in the "office", she said, "I don't think we can do that." Point blank. What does this mean?

Is there already a conspiracy under way to remove me from the premises on some grounds such as "complaint from neighbors"? I will not be intimidated. I want a chance to see if I can be content here once JR returns to Montana. If there is a plot in the works, I want to be aware of it so I can make plans. What would I do? Well, most likely would return to New Jersey, seeking shelter wherever I do not want to return to Tent City 3 or get trapped in the Honda Crisis out here!

I got permission to have JR stay until the first of May. After that, they will be asking him to leave. I will help him get bus ticket by spending cash on food, giving him the cash, where he uses food stamps. Heartbreak - pain - is the very crack in the soul through which genuine art (blood) seeps out.

Basically, although I was able to officially update my address with Social Security and get phone number for prescription plan (Part D) - as well as get the form for DIRECT DEPOSIT to Washington (Federal Way) I was unable to get any help from DSHS. No medical coverage. I was told that I would have to pay doctors out of my own pocket. I will have to contact 211.com or call 2-1-1. Imagine that. I had better medical insurance when I was on welfare. I better not get any threatening letters from SSA about my "benefits" being in jeopardy. So, I guess I have to live with being fucking irritable, manic, and suicidal. I am not worried. This is where I stand. Medicare is good only for hospitals?

111  
Now, I once again want a new name.  
Wife E Coyote?

It is becoming increasingly apparent that the governments of and institutions that mold our minds have implemented a SYSTEM from which we cannot escape.

We are under the sway of the black iron prison - the world's forces of political tyranny and oppressive social control. Prisons, mental institutions, schools and military establishment all share similar organizations of space and time.

[

The aim of so-called politics is to keep the populace alarmed (and hence clamorous to be led to safety) by menacing it with an endless series of bogobombs, all of them imaginary. Hence, the war on drugs and the draconian rules enforced by nosy neighbors who spy on us "in" and "security". (Please report any suspicious behavior.) How do they turn the prisoners themselves into prison guards? ]

Besides really diving into my own journals, I will be ordering books from library. I will start off with The Reckoning - The Murder of Christopher Marlowe. And perhaps Beyond The Occult (Colin Wilson) Rouge Messiahs, too.

I don't like the nose they have me hanging from - and I really do sense that my I brother may need me in his life this coming year. When she goes through the more basically selfish - who can I blame him? And yet, he has little understanding that I want to be there for my mother when she is going through this difficult transition, I guess I have no choice but to leave New Jersey - perhaps California. I am not sure. I guess I really have no choice, but to go Washington, D.C. at least until February 28, 2010!

I am becoming more paranoid as I witness how quickly the general public is to paint me out as a bizarre menace -

Goddam.

## NOTHING MAN

I know that the media (and almost everyone we come in contact with) would believe that "global economic depression" is a terrible crisis, this is a good thing. It will reduce the amount of weapons being manufactured,

it will reduce the amount of cars being manufactured; it will slow down industry and "expansion".

The present global world power system is in a terminal phase in a process that began 500 years ago with the emerging Age of Reason and its founders, Niccolò Machiavelli, and Ignatius Loyola; and which has reached its zenith in the twentieth century, powered by the global arms trade and war and enabled a soulless, greed-based economics backed by a hastily developed and uniquely dangerous technology.

(Sam 1992)

David Shremfeld : " This power system with its transnational corporations, its giant military machines, its globalized financial system and world trade, its agribusiness

needs to build up industrial infrastructures at the expense of the world's farmers -- with its growing numbers of jobless people and people in fast jobs, it with its endless refugees, with its trail of damaged cultures and damaged ecosystems, and with its fatal internal flaws, is now coming apart."

Shremfeld continues " There is a larger lesson to learn. Both George ~~Smith~~ and Wendell Berry have said that we are going to have to learn how to live a little, poorer. Not poorer in spirit, not poorer in happiness, just poorer in the material things. We don't need. If we can learn this lesson, maybe the best parts of civilization and nature will surprise after all. We shouldn't ask for more than that."

" Moving forward requires that we provide satisfying alternatives to those who have been most seriously injured by the present technology and economics.

"They include farmers, blue collar workers suddenly jobless because of unfair competition from foreign slave labor or American 'workfare,' and countless bank whose lives and work have been made redundant by the megastores in the shopping malls."

"If good alternatives are not found soon, the coming collapse will inevitably provoke a terrible wave of violence born of desperation."

28 (Tuesday): too drunk to post...

I am going over the edge, pacing back and forth out on sidewalk to listen to radio. I sense the local police are observing me closely for they are people have complained about me at some kind of menace. JTR gets beer and huses in the back room. I realize that Wed + Thurs are his last days, but come Friday, there may be some "trouble" as he will want to stay until he actually gets on the train.

Shalova?

Is there going to be a problem? Once he does leave, will I find a doctor to practice medicine? Will I get evicted? Will I get jumped out here in the street? Will the "change" my views? Will I mean what I have become more "hateful" toward "society" and "the people"? As the economy "collapses," will more and more people wage war against those who do not participate?

The Internet may draw attention to me... besides my own behavior - and that people do not CAN NOT appreciate my intellect. Am I of a "target"?

Do people hate me? Am I in danger of being lynched? What is to be my fate? Am I afraid? Am I going to ever make it back to New Jersey? Will I ever see my parents again? Will I ever see my nephew again? Will I die soon? How does it end?

29 April 2009 Wednesday

This feeling I have, that "my" life is a nightmare disaster could be universal. This was Shostakovich's great insight. I will finish reading the passage in A Soviet Heresy, neither the book, and wait for the books on Marxism and Wilhelm Reich.

My auto-didactic study is seems too ~~motivate~~ bring some joy into my life.

I have a desire to meditate on the works of Cioran today. Why? Because I want to be able to overcome this great anxiety, dread, and fear.

④ May look into Taft & Hyde (see what?)

From Yevgeny Zamyanin's every about Maxim Gorky and all the rest, in the company of himself, picturesque traps, with nights around him on the steppe, in abandoned houses, under roofs turned upside down. How many adventures, encounters friendships, fights, nocturnal confessions! What material for the future writer and what a school for the future revolutionary!

⑤ I can't make up my mind between Rage in the cage or Wile E Coyote, supergenius. I think I will choose WEC's and maybe find a good quote. Place Zamyanin quote under "notes" section of 4A strong dose of Machete.

"The irony that I invoke is not cruel. It does not mock either love or beauty. It teaches us to laugh at our men and fools (whom) without it, we might be weak enough to hate." - Anatole France

To find THE REVOLT OF THE ANGELS about ALIENS

Tomorrow I want to post an excerpt by ?? for Churchill from H 107 p 121 about the state of the world in State of the Specie Address:

30 April 2009 Thursday

Idea: Find diskette with "Incantations" and post poems such as "From Bad to Worse". Who: Set up on-line banking? Friday: Transfer \$666 question why I need SAVINGS account.

⑥ Mike X Henric, crazy ghost

What is it about me that makes me keep changing my "aka", my name? Why not just call myself crazy H Ghost? { H: Crazy Ghost } { H } Crazy Ghost } I am crazy !!

Crazy!!! ghost Nobody wants the bear me talk Nobody wants to read what I have to write. Nobody respects me? fine

Well then, it's about time I got myself some respect. I'm a "loser"? [ Nobody wants to hear my song! ] hate this world. Not even my mother would be able to listen to me.

Why do I ever want to go back to New Jersey? Who the fuck respects me anyway? ]

[ Marlowe was close to the court because he was under investigation for his "monstrous opinions". ]

"Crazy Ghost? . H-211 or just 211? "

H-211 H 211 Bad God?

Complex X? germanic african? .  
The reason I write in because I have been told my future life to "keep my voice down." I intend to wound, "ay;" I intend to kill with my words. All those who told me to SHUT UP, to BE QUIET, to NOT TALK about that, let's let HATE TAKE WHAT IT TAKES? Let me not be so weak that hate. Hatred is a sign of weakness.

When we feel weak, we hate. Love is strong. When we are strong, we have compassion.

And yet! sometimes we are weak. We feel rage and anger and exact a seven fold vengeance -- ]

1 May 2009 Friday

"Only a monster can allow himself to see things as they are." — Cioran

2 May 2009 Saturday

"Were we to undertake an exhaustive self-scrutiny, 'disgust' would perhaps make us more willing to 'dismantle' our 'thankless existence.'

Who is Melody Gard?

8 May 2009 Friday

I am being served a 10 day warning from the Berkeley Ridge Apartment. I ~~was~~ was walking around in a drunken rage and I was reported to the office.

Radio Drum 22:

Also, we are unable to post at 1515. Something is really suspicious about this. I am not sure what to do about it. The world is closing in on me. I don't know what to do. Maybe I will go to the Medical Clinic Monday.

I've fallen into a trap - a fool's paradise. Everything about this place smells like a trap: Informants, spies, con-artists.

I will try to keep things in perspective. I can't let it overwhelm me. This is CITIZENS HARRASSMENT where I have been targeted for TERMINATION

fuck this scam. What can I do but fight back? No more tears. I should tell that that woman was in such a rush to get me to sign the lease because she knew I was being set up. What a sucker I am!

One thing is certain: They can't take my indignation away from my ANGER IS A GIFT. I will defend myself against these crooks. Fuck!!! [ Why did I over hear New Jersey? Well, remember,

Ocean Grove. The whole town seemed to hate me. Remember the Asbury Park Police? They were ruthless, cruel, and violent, talking to me as if I were a dog! Remember Matwan. Remember Red Bank.

I know why I left New Jersey. Those over people at CPC, at HBCORE, getting robbed systematically, \$700 to live in Hardcore and shuffled back and forth to CPC - a goddam half off mirrors!

Right. Yes, I jumped from the flying pan further into the fire pushes me much further, there is no telling what I will do. My mother says I ought to return to New Jersey and she doesn't want me living with her. She pleads with me not to commit suicide, but she would not give me shelter even here to return. So, what the fuck is going on? To everyone waiting for me to commit suicide?

I isolated in a dimension called loneliness. We have to pay a professional to listen to us? People have their own troubles, nobody cares. This world is full of shit.

FUCK AUTHORITY! And fuck the  
cocky alpha males who believe I  
fear their wrath.

I am not afraid  
of death. When I left New Jersey,  
I may have left for good never  
to return. I AM A SUICIDE.  
With Billy Munchini. Billy is  
surely with me right this moment  
in INFINITY.

And where shall I go with my RADIO  
and diaries, my books, my tent,  
my blankets? How shall I carry it all?  
How shall I carry it all?

I will have to invest in a cart  
of some kind. A chest with wheels.  
How shall I get it on bus? I  
may have said goodbye to my  
mother. I have brought her  
No Bullshit! Close to the bone.

At least the librarians must have  
noticed my interests are very unique.  
Even now, I have reason not only  
to stay alive but also to stay here  
at Berkeley Ridge Apartments. I  
AM IN SOME KIND OF TRAP.

**Observe** what I am currently researching:

The Quest for Wilhelm Reich -  
a critical biography by Colin Wilson

The Rockowing: The Murder of Christopher  
Marlowe by Charles Nicholl

Both these books are defective research  
into the underworld. These days, there are  
so many "people on the payroll of some  
kind of "secret government" -  
where do people get their fancy cars?  
And these people in positions of authority  
who can't even write? Suppose my intelligence frightens  
people. People are hating me  
wherever I go. Some are  
so stupid that they take me for  
a fool. They laugh at me when in  
the herd. They mock me  
because they take comfort in the idea  
that someone as brilliant as me  
is at the mercy of DUNKOLPHS!  
I was at the mercy of two parents  
who could never fathom me.  
I was at the mercy of teachers, police, case-workers who could never ME!

The message: Followers of Marlowe, those 165  
'persuaded by his reasons' are men bent on  
political violence. There are lynch mobs in the  
street, and there are gangs of malcontents  
planning to set up communes and 'live  
according to their own laws', and they are  
all sprouting rhetoric imbibed from Marlowe.  
The message comes out, through these  
demonic means, that Marlowe is a dangerous  
man. ]



Lærtvis

Lives of Eminent Philosophers (Blugenes)

16 May 2009 Saturday

I have a burning desire to reread  
Dostoevsky's Notes from Underground so  
that I may learn from such a master  
how to write honestly. I am a sick  
man. How much money do I spend  
on alcohol and tobacco? Why  
can't I put the money into  
nutritious food? I seem to be my  
own worse enemy. I want to  
confess this to the world. I write for  
myself. I am almost certain that  
suicide would solve all my "problems"  
at once, but I just can't bring myself to do it.

[I am in a room  
The business about "men before Adam"  
is often connected with Harriet's  
knowledge of American Indian mythology.]

15 May 2009 Friday

Body feels better just 1 day with no  
alcohol. Brain feels better. If a time  
to stay off the White man's poison.

Besides Bruno, see if any Marlowe?

Diogenes? Pythagorean?

The book Sobek for Good, wrote, but [ ] want  
to transcribe some information from The Reckoning  
before returning it.

Chopinley's whole pose as an atheist revolutionary  
is designed to implicate Marlowe, whom he  
specifically names as his atheistic guru. The  
Dutch Church libel can be seen as the opening  
move in the smear campaign against Marlowe.

18 May 2009 Monday 167

This is why I drink alcohol - it is a blow suicide. ~~Besides, Dostoevsky's NOTES FROM UNDERGROUND, ] would like to recommend CATCHER IN THE RYE - ANTI-AUTHORITARIAN.~~

I am the Stone Age manimal existing on the fringes of the Space-Age. I pray for a great flood to destroy the carnival! The library had a copy of *NFL by Postovsky*. They also had "Catcher in the Rye" - it is under Y SALINGER - the youth section!

17 May 2009 Sunday

Is it true? The more pain that you have been through in life, the more you are able to laugh. Is this true? Comedians - some are vulgar, whereas others are more philosophical.

I am like a Steppenwolf - a Hermann Hesse character - or the underground man of fyodor Dostoevsky. Whenever I go, it seems like I am always "in trouble" of some kind due to what others say about me. This is the tyranny of public opinion - in the flesh! I am the sinner philosopher. ]

My mother's house is officially for sale now. Where will she go? It is as if she is having a nightmare.

I have been on the telephone all morning trying to get into a detox. I'm fairly certain that it could cost nearly \$1100 or at least \$900 / will find out what the cost will be before agreeing to go in. I don't want a huge medical bill. As I am broke, I will not have money for alcohol anyway - not even cigarettes. So I am preparing for serious withdrawal symptoms. I will do research on the internet to see what I might be in for.

The Hopkins Recovery Center is telling me that my ~~addiction~~ is not coming up as not covered. What if they decide to take me? I have no way of getting there. I will most likely detox on my own. I will also withdraw from tobacco addiction. The time has come to resist...

Now I am a little over-stimulated. I am really into my readings of Postobensky and Palaniuk. and what do you know? Lives of the Great Philosophers (Volume 2) arrived at the library! ) actually feel a bit too much joy.

DIogenes Laertius..  
The chapters I am interested in :  
Book 6 - Antisthenes p 2  
Diogenes 22

Book 8 - Pythagoras p 320

I want have to read the entire text, but it will be a great experience taking notes from this one.

Faithful autobiographies are nearly impossible - and man is almost sure to tell a pack of lies about himself.

Book 8 - Pythagoras p 320  
I am sure to be taking notes from this little book Diogenes Laertius. For example:  
in the section on ANTISTHENES:  
being told that Plato was abusing him he remarked "It is a royal privilege to do good and be ill-spoken of."

To the question why he had but few disciples he replied, "Because I use a silver stool to eject them." When a friend complained to him that he had lost his notes, "You should have inscribed them," said he, "on your mind instead of on paper." It will be difficult to go without to brace, and yet Schopenhauer was most likely able to do so. Even Martin Luther King Jr smoked (secretly).

When Antisthenes was asked what advantage had accrued him from philosophy his answer was, "The ability to hold converse with myself." Antisthenes used to taunt Plato with being conceited.

of DIogenes (404 - 323 BC)  
(was a student of Antisthenes)  
MONIUS was a student of Diogenes.  
HIPPARCIA fell in love with the life and the discourses of Crates, and would not pay attention to any of her suitors, their wealth, their high birth or their beauty. But to her Crates

X 8 p 7 o ✓ → the unknown  
"that which does not come within the range of sense"  
EPICURYS says "No pleasure is in itself evil,  
but the things which produce certain  
pleasures entail annoyances many times  
greater than the pleasures themselves." ]

Books on hold: Foo! (Christopher Moore)  
Confederacy of Dunces (Trolle)  
Post Office (Bukowski)  
also borrowed: Diary (a novel by Palahniuk)  
JUST FOR ME ☺

I don't need no piano keys  
Don't need no goddam electricity  
My own song sets me free

Sing my song just for me - just for me  
just for me - just for me

Print tryin' to be on your top forty!  
Because I sing this song just for me

I have a ritual going here in Federal Way, where  
I am actually content without alcohol, without  
even marijuana ... without even tobacco!!!

I can't imagine giving up tobacco altogether  
but if I could eventually free myself of  
the cravings ... imagining  
"thinned out" would be.

Renamed isis.phpbb3now.com

"Guerrillas of Dark Comedy"

We explore important issues, provoking discomfort  
and serious thought. George Carlin is screaming

me at us: "Fuck hope! -- & d

To activate your account here: register at  
isis.promotion.com

A upon going through H#109 (January 2008)

I discovered much material for typing  
directly onto Guerrillas of Dark Comedy (I can  
do that directly from the office (government)  
in the morning ... a little at the library ...  
and some more back at office.)

It starts on page 88.

Maybe it belongs in Theories & Observations.

"The Earth Has Become A Madhouse!"

(88-91; 98, 100, 103, 110-111, 114, 131-132, 135)  
P. 113 → in the thread where I quote Cioran.. The Flood  
§ P. 125

139-140: DH Lawrence quote → Woman's Power?

Change Women's Curves to Woman's Power

Once again my mood is shifting. Coffe break?

Reactivating my account at Facebook was sudden and swift. Rich Bone just doesn't have a clue. He tells me to share my heard off so as to be better able to attract a "honey". He doesn't have a clue of what it is to have absolutely no money. He says I look like a

"unabomber" in training.

No fucking kidding.

And so, yes, I disappeared from facebook—

corporate america mind fuck!

Once again I am wondering what to name myself : X-Hentric or Mike the Truth?

Perhaps something altogether different? basically HIDE AWAY.

I sense that tomorrow I will be re-organizing again. Maybe I'll just go back to cutting myself. X-Hentric was decent... should I hide. Strong dose of Madness

from guests to encourage people to register?

Mike Hentrich?

Non Serviam?

AbraXas?

You... Abraxas!

And what about all these forums?

Shall I consolidate them? Guess I am finally fed up... perhaps I am feeling a little confused from the alcohol withdrawal and

nicotine withdrawal. What can I do Why not just read the paranoid ones?

about these women? Or why like an animal!

in a Zoo who has been permanently ruined for "natural life in the wilderness"?

Is that my truth?

albino chimpanzee? Is that me?

Mike the albino chimpanzee? I wish I had access to the web. I'll make the changes early.

like 9:10AM tomorrow. I feel better, already seeing myself as a chimpanzee—but I

am a chimpanzee in a zoo, not in the wild.

Damaged albino chimpanzee.

What am I working down my own frustrations?

At least I am off the television, at least I am have stepped out of the drunken

madman mode.

I am a chimpanzee in a zgo. I isolate. I hide.

Read dark comedy. I write mad poetry.

Madman Mike?

No matter what I decide to name myself tomorrow, I am a man who has utterly snapped. I do not love mankind.

I do not love womankind - I am at odds with the world, at war with everything..

I am confused. I was in here one night by myself, listening to the radio, and someone called the police on me. Tonight there are like 18 kids loud as hell across the hall, slamming the door over and over again, talking so loud, getting drunk.

Nobody seems to mind at all. Is this part of some kind of fucking citizen's harassment group?

Think about it: People screaming, "I am ready to drink; the party is up here !!!"

Here I am trying to not drink alcohol - It is as though these people KNOW they won't get in any trouble. I don't understand.

I was threatened with eviction for loud music and loud talking - just me and one Native friend. This place is FULL OF SHIT. Everyone is FULL OF SHIT.

# iE :: Mudslide Mike & The Theoreticians of Rebellion :: iE

Announcements & Feedback

Introductions

News or Nonsense

Theories & Observations

A Critique of Economic Slavery

Abandon Hope

Rants, Confessions, and Heresy

The Politics of Experience

General Mayhem

Songs for the People, The Starving Artists : Poetry ,  
Comic Relief, Dream Recall, Crazy with the Books ,  
Crazy with the Film , unassimilated menace ,  
code-monkey

Background & Shockwaves

Book Projects

A Strong Dose of Madness

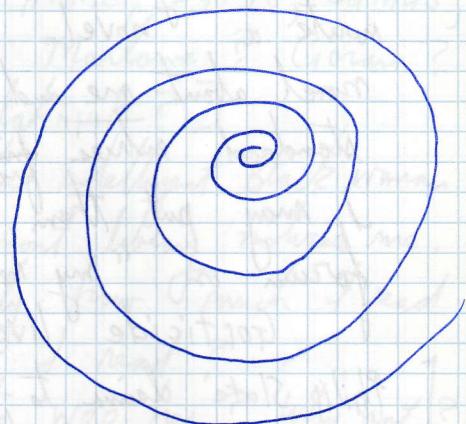
Inept Authors

Literary Experiments

Gort Busters

Inner Circle

Mike Hawthorne = Mud = iE  
"Mudslide Mike"



To go outside the mythos is to be insane. 34  
My worldview cannot be taken from me.

"Crazy insane" is the way to be outside  
the system inside my head. I have to  
fight the stress and the depression caused  
by power subjugating me.

I no longer care about "educating  
the masses". I have witnessed how vulgar  
and ignorant people are - from the well-off  
cunts ~~and~~ and pricks who talk shit about me  
while they drive by in their fucking automobiles  
to the miserable wrecks ~~who~~ run the  
"Tent City" concentration camp.

People just accept it. People act like  
the United States of America is such a great  
~~place~~ government, such a great culture.

The truth is that the entire industrial  
world, both East and West alike, ~~is~~ is  
a plantation of HAVES and HAVE-NOTS,  
pharaohs and slaves; there are many  
victims - and the victims are damaged,  
so damaged that they are dangerous.  
Myself, like all those born into this  
civilization, have many fears - fears of  
being hurt or killed should I defend what I  
love.

"Under any fascism, any bolshevism, any McCarthyism, any Islamism, any cancer of the brain, any cancer of the soul... We are the new heretics. The new outlaws. The new dissidents." ~ Oriana Fallaci

I want to understand what is happening in Europe and North America. The Policy of "One day millions

of Algerian President", Bourguiba: "One day millions of men will leave the southern hemisphere of the planet to burst into the northern one, but not as friends. They will burst in to conquer and they will conquer it by populating it with children. Victory will come to us from the womb of our women."

Sucker Europe is to be stoned from its non-Muslim citizens by a low-level demographic war.]

[Islam offers Mohammed as the Perfect Man] to be imitated throughout history: "He is merciful, child-rapist, slave holder. Islam teaches that general man fight and subdue his enemies.

My "norm" is becoming more and more controversial."

"As during his stay in Siberia an intemperate philosopher used to wander around medieval streets of the city, talking to the occasional passerby, to drunks, beggars, and prostitutes, in France Cioran once again sought contact with social outcasts. Interested in "ruined or mentally unbalanced... people" he made friends with the women of the night, listening in fascination to the stories of decay. All of them - beggars, prostitutes, suicidal maniacs - would remain close to him until the end of his days and from them he would learn about life - and about philosophy - a truth greater than that offered by the systemic philosophies whom he despised, at a lack of authenticity and sensitivity to the real condition of man. This venomous and insidious animal, for Cioran just as for Schopenhauer, has merit in all things metaphysical, many as a species that should never have existed."

Steeped in the humor of the night - that is the last of the writer - to immerse myself in the humor of the night to harness the power of darkness for artistic creation. How she could the sublime dark authors have illuminated the tragedy lurking in the human condition? Not by removing oneself from life. Not by sitting back and observing the passing show.

### The Buddha's four noble truths :

1. Life is suffering
2. suffering is caused by attachment (to objects, ideas, individuals, to survival itself)
3. There is an antidote to suffering : the cessation of desire, of attachment of the self.
4. There is a specific pathway to a suffering-free existence : The eight-step path to enlightenment.

Perhaps we can do better. Perhaps we can see what the Buddha did not see. Perhaps we can see what Jesus missed. Maybe the four noble truths are not very true after all. Had the Buddha gotten it right? Also, why are we compelled to love Jesus or submit to Allah?

Is the price of the remedy worse than the disease? Do we need to be cured of the cure? Religious "spiritual" disciplines require renunciation, sacrifice, limitation, and renunciation.

What about joy, expansion, passion, carpe diem (seize the day)? Don't all religious based on release or a better life hereafter target the poor, the suffering, the enslaved?

I find parts of Irvin Yalom's book, The Schopenhauer Cure, annoying as all hell.

I do not like 'the therapist' at all - and the "group therapy" just pisses me off.

If Julia Herzfeld represents Yalom, then I dislike the author. Fuck group therapy.

I dislike the Tony character - I am 100% cheering for Philip; this is the character I identify with.

I think I could write a better book about being a disciple of Arthur Schopenhauer.

I wonder where my relation to Conservative will lead. Why would she pressure Ophie into church, but not me? What does this reveal about myself perhaps falling out of love rather quickly. I will seek answers in sleep.

I  
sing

From our bodies we gain intuitive knowledge that we cannot conceptualize and communicate because the greater part of our inner lives is unknown to us. It is repressed and not permitted to break into consciousness, because knowing our deeper natures, our "Shadow," our demons, our complexes (the old gods & spirits?) — our cruelty, fear, envy, sexual lust, aggression, self-seeking — would cause us more disturbance than we could bear.

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Basically, Freud created a discipline "psychotherapy" from Schopenhauer's theories and observations but denied the origins.

The unconscious (The Spirit World), primitive process, the id, repression, self-deception... These are the vital germs, the primordial origins of "psychoanalysis"; Schopenhauer's major work was published forty years before Freud's birth.

When Freud and Nietzsche were schoolboys in Germany, Schopenhauer was Germany's most widely read philosopher.

So, how do we understand these unconscious forces?

The we even able to communicate those unconscious forces to others?

While we can't CONCEPTUALIZE the unconscious forces, we most certainly EXPERIENCE them.

Schopenhauer devoted more attention to the ARTS than any other philosopher.

Why? Because UNCONSCIOUS FORCES can be conveyed directly through MUSIC! Why was Schopenhauer able to write about the seminal importance of sex to our internal life? Why was he also able to construct his thought on an atheistic foundation?

Other philosophers did not dare to be too explicit about their non-belief. Why? Because they were dependent for their livelihood upon the states and universities employing them.

Even Kant was forbidden to express anti-religious sentiments.

Arthur Schopenhauer was NEVER EMPLOYED and was FREE to write as he wished.

In our good days we do not know what calamity fate at this very moment has in store for us — sickness, persecution, imprisonment, mutilation, blindness, madness, and death.

One thing I am repulsed by in Tolson's novel is how of the people in group therapy bully Philip (the Schopenhauer dupe) and demand he see group therapy as some kind of gift — even though it is mostly misery for him to endure.

"I do not write for the crowd ... I hand down my work to the thinking individual who I in the course of time will appear as rare exceptions. They will feel as I felt, or as a shipwrecked sailor feels on a desert island for whom the face of a former fellow sufferer affords more consolation than do all the cuckatoos and apes in the trees." — A.S.

Schopenhauer said that after death we will be what we were before our birth, proving the impossibility of there being more than one kind of nothingness. NOTHINGNESS is what I was and what I shall be. One thing this reading of Tolson's The Schopenhauer Case is making clear to me. I may be the reincarnation of Arthur Schopenhauer. Our lives are similar, although this "Herricht cat" has also been a sailbird.

what is "common sense"? Mass hypnosis. 393  
We are hypnotized into seeing the world we see.  
Societies no longer burn cognitive heretics  
at the stake, but we nevertheless  
generate scorn and ridicule and even stand  
the risk of being locked up in mental  
institutions (or, in situations like the USA,  
just thrown in jail) for having what will  
be called a "fundamental cognitive disorder".  
I deviate by not paying homage to the  
work ethic, by having a hostile attitude  
towards automobiles, property, banks,  
and draconian "laws".

The system is fucking me over again.  
They've been fucking me over for years.

What is ~~not~~ ANOMIE? Or is ANOMIC?

- Anomie → at loose ends ...
- anomie → the disregard of divine law
- an absence of accepted social standards

$\alpha$  = "without"

nomos = "law"

The original definition of anomie defined anything  
or anyone AGAINST or OUTSIDE the LAW!  
Anomie is a reaction against or a retreat from  
the regulatory social controls of society.]

morning ...

~~the~~ Traditional religions often provide the basis for the shared values which the anomie individual lacks.

**ANOMIE** → "disregard or violation of the law"

In Albert Camus's existentialist novel The Stranger, the bored alienated protagonist Meursault strives to construct an individual system of values. He exists in a state of anomie. Pesse's Stepmom also expresses anomie. Harry Hoffer is best with reflections on his being ill-suited for the world of "everybody," the regular people.

### Haunted

haunted, haunting influencing their unconsciousness in unpredictable events in their dreams they are haunted You are haunted I am haunting

transmit telepathically Visions, moods, daymares want to see the population implying the power brokers, broken machines throwing their HDTVs out windows breaking

Programs tired of programs Doing what? de-zombify keep the coke and keep the fries... Why? Because I'm chopping on lies!

Content Not content with the content

In my own mind A parallel continent  
Awaken uncertainty in you  
Why? Because you though  
I'm a wild militant of a de-alienated world

Telepathy with the Creator  
Haunting me... I see her face  
She's judging me In death my soul  
Set free of Free from the personal identity

I merge with the haunting  
Gonna haunt Haunting the Haunted  
The power brokers and chores  
Glower at me With the ferocity of dogs  
Beware of fascist therapy  
It makes a person completely outer-directed  
I'm not holding my inner life

They're going to have no choice  
But to detect it The person they tried  
To kill Now he's defected Let the truth be told  
Haunting the haunted Let the truth be told  
No more will I be bought or sold  
Come on That shit has grown so old  
Isis communicates with me constantly  
It hurts my heart to see what I see  
Phenomenological Sociology Reefs ghosts shill be free  
Eating dirt Release me from insanity

When I left New Jersey I was leaving CPC, I was escaping the possibility of landing in a shelter like HABSCORE, I subjected to day program and medication. Has the journey been out of the world, to return to the nothingness I was before both? Has life taught me not to WANT IT? Is it true that I have resisted enhancement? I may be on the verge of a dramatic change of heart, where I take the lessons I have learned and begin to use those lessons to outwit those who would take advantage of my kindness.

How sweet it would be to be whisked away into NOTHINGNESS along with my anxieties. Surely the author of all our problems must be in death. So much suffering in the world so much cruelty, pain, violence, brutality, and hatred. No wonder I hide away. No wonder I isolate. Where would I people were I to return to New Jersey? Somewhere in threshold? Monmouth County? Will I ever even make it back? Will she out here alone, never to see my parents again?

Life seems to be such a nightmare of anxiety. Why are we bombarded with so many lies? Is there a way for me to benefit from all my deep thinking? Have I not flushed many hopes? If I can live without tobacco, without alcohol, without any recreational drugs, wouldn't this keep me from harm's way? I shall not be a sucker any longer!

And as for TRACES OF ANOMIE, the idiot is tired of reaching out to try to educate the world. As of his has said the world is not interested in what I think or say.

Am I at the point where I just don't care? Perhaps I have reached a point where I care myself enough to pray death takes me soon.

I am up to set IV of tool and what most likely be off to return it Monday before going to court. I look forward to being released. LITA. It may give me some insight into Garrison's obsession with her doll Christopher. Now, more than ever, I am convinced that solitude is better than comprehending (AMPERS). I am fighting from the mind

I am simply blessed with philosophical intelligence. With so much mental confusion out there, so much misunderstanding and simple-minded religiosity, I do feel BLESSED that I am able to maintain the stubborn attitude I have. I don't submit to any kind of authority. I see through ministers, priests, psychiatrists, doctors, judges, prosecutors, police I see through others. I let them read my body language. Let them behold my utter indifference. I have endured hardships and have been able to match wits with others in academic settings. I have also experienced the snobbery and arrogance and total stupidity of the so-called affluent. People are full of shit, but it is not safe to point this out. I have reached a development in my intellectual and emotional insights to myself. Something within me is FIGHTING BACK and COMING ALIVE.

It is my ANIMAL BODY coming alive. The non-human parts of my core Being begin to see how absurd human civilization is. I see through the facades of society. I see through the force. No wonder my gaze must make others uncomfortable. I witness. I am the eyes' ears, and conscious of the Creator of the Universe. Social order is imposed through violence and physical force: men over women, masters over slaves, priests over laity, aristocrats over peasants, rulers over people. "Rulers make bad lovers. Better put your kingdom up for sale." I don't have to convince my sister or her husband or anyone else of my World View. I sit back and know that we each are born alone and die alone. I have always been a breaker of Truth. I stand in truth even as it is unpleasant. Religion exists to legitimate power and privilege. Whores control the cosmology controls the children. Sometime I have managed to become a FREE THINKER.

The "inner nature" of existence is becoming quite clear to me. I wrote for myself - not for mankind, not for the future, not for "the movement". We each have to experience existence subjectively isolated.

This Shabaka Morton known on a deep level. What another can be for us is not really that much. We each have to endure, and we can't depend on others.

I realize and accept how much error is in other thinking. I see through the frauds, the scams, the pretense.

Re-reading Robert Pirsig's LILA may be just of what I need at this juncture of my life.

While I did get away from CPC and Monmouth County, for Jersey, I still have to BE; and being human is a complicated business no matter where we find ourselves. If I can be a spiritual companion to Caravaggio then so be it. I do have WISDOM KNOWLEDGE, UNDERSTANDING, INSIGHT...

I may not be able to explain ANTI-OEDIPUS, but perhaps I can TEACH BY LIVING IT.

What I feed my brain is very potent. I am "off" television (unplugged). I am now even "off" the telephone (unplugged). I am living in a realm in between worlds. I am

21st Century, I dove into the Great Depression of the 1930's, reaching out for Social Security and

when I realized that even after graduating with Honors with a Bachelor of Science

degree, the game is so rigged that I may as well learn to rise above the false hierarchies of civilization so as to face and face down the status quo and the exploiters.

I have extended thought to the point of madness, and I believe Robert Pirsig has some insight about sanity and insanity which will help me interact with the "This Perfect Day Treatment Center" with caution. If I am bring the drama of a Jesus on a piano Myself ("idiot"), I want to evolve beyond them.

I want to be the "good honest man" who wakes up and FLIGHTS BACK. I want to live a HEROIC LIFE. Am I a SUPER-HERO?

Oedipus is being injected into the unconscious as it holds us of power. It gives us faith as it ROBS US OF POWER.

Authority is not power. Authority is a mutation of power.

A schizo analysis would schizophrenize in order to break the hold of authority.

EGOLOSS is the experience of all mankind, and an even further journey into the beings of animals, vegetables, and mineral.

Depressed populations are easily repressed, demeaned, and made docile. If desire is repressed, it is because every desire, no matter how small, is capable of calling into question the established order

of a society: DESIRE IS EXPLOSIVE.

While I understand there are many "novel" and stories worth reading, now that I find myself transforming into a stronger militant, now that I find myself really starting to accept that the masses are duped, I am having lost interest in a world that mocks me, I will have my revenge. My revenge will be to develop my understanding, my fearlessness, my stubbornness.

21 July Thursday mindcrime → schizo 45  
I have quite simply ceased being afraid of becoming mad. (C)

Power transformations could prove to be the solution to our despair. I awaken refreshed and aware of the sacred renewability inherent in life. Re-reading and studying Deleuze and Guattari's Anti-Oedipus in stimulating my entire Being.

What had once been obscure to me is now slowly coming into focus. While the goals are changing "success" and "authority" and status in the Culture of Make Believe, I am returning upon myself. Even if it is only myself who witnessed my "development", I am still able to experience a secret delight.

Now about AKA at ISIS. We are down to less than a handful in my forums. I have, as I said, lost interest in educating the masses. Do I even have to do anything at all? I am some kind of scholar... and, because I do not fear madness I am able to challenge the dominant society.

I am well aware that is only because I can have rejected the notion that I am free to study obscure philosophical texts.